

# The Tragedie

Come shall we goe along?

*Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Rivers,  
Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.*

*Rat.* Come bring forth the prisoners.

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:  
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,  
For truth, for dutie, and for loyaltie.

*Gray.* God keepe the prince from all the pack of you:  
A knot you are of damned blood suckers.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret. Oh thou bloudie prison,  
Fatale and ontinious to noble Peeres;  
Within the guiltie closure of thy walles  
Richard the second here was hackt to death:  
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,  
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.

*Gray.* Now Margarets curse is false vpon our heads,  
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

*Ri.* Then curst she Hastings, then curst she Buckingham,  
Then curst she Richard. Oh remember God,  
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,  
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:  
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,  
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Come, come, dispatch, the limie of your liues is out.

*Riv.* Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace  
And take our leaue, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lords to counsell.*

*Hast.* My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,  
Is to determine of the coronation.

In Gods name say, when is this royall day?

*Buc.* Are all things sitting for that royall time?

*Dar.* It is, and let but nomination.

*Bish.* To morrow then, I guesse a happie time.

*Buc.* Who knows the Lord Protectors minde herein?  
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? *(his mind.)*

*Bi.* Why you my Lo: me thinks you should soonest know

*Buc.* Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:

But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,  
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

of Richard

Lord Hastings, you and he are no

*Hast.* I thanke his grace, I know  
But for his purpose in the coronation  
I haue not sounded him, nor he c  
His graces pleasure any way ther  
But you my L. may name the ti  
And in the Dukes behalfe ile giu  
Which I presume he will take in

*Bis.* Now in good time here c

*Enter G*

*Glo.* My noble L. and cousens  
I haue bene long a sleeper, but n  
My absence doth neglect no gre  
Which by my presence might ha

*Buc.* Had not you come vpon  
William L. Hastings had now pr  
I meane your voice for crownin

*Glo.* Then my L. Hastings, no  
His Lordship knowes me well, an

*Hast.* I thanke your grace.

*Glo.* My Lord of Elie.

*Bish.* My Lord.

*Glo.* When I was last in Holl  
I saw good strawberries in your  
I do beseech you send for some c

*Bish.* I goe my Lord.

*Glo.* Cousen Buckingham, a  
Catesby hath sounded Hastings  
And findes the testy gentleman s  
As he will loose his head are giue  
His maisters sonne as worshipful  
Shall loose the royaltie of Englan

*Buc.* Withdraw you hence m

*Dar.* We haue not yet set do  
To morrow in mine opinion is  
For I my selfe am not so well pro  
As else I would be were the day p

*Enter the Bishop*

*Bi.* Where is my L. Protector